

TENTING IN THE DESERT LANDS.

The great desert region of our southern country is not altogether a barren waste, but a semi-arid plain where the grass grows luxuriantly in the short rainy season and is then seared by the terrible sun till the earth is dead again. Here and there are wastes of drifting sand, vast areas occur where only cactus and the bitter sage-brush grow, and the grass lands are often many miles removed from water-holes. But the severities of this arid region are compensated by its own peculiar charms. The air is dry and rare. The sun shines always, and one's blood becomes aerated with the oxygen that is quaffed like champagne. For this whole rolling plain is as high above the sea as our own Great Smokys, lift here and there above the Black mountains even, and Mitchell's peak. Recalling now my months of desert tenting I question where else the same time could have afforded such quickly shifting scenes or brought such keen relish for purely animal existence.

A breakfast at daylight is not a hardship for surveyers here. We tumble from blankets into sharp bracing air. There is a ringing of sledge-hammers upon iron pins, a rattling of wagons, a trundling of luggage, a drawing of cordage and canvas, while dogs bark and noisy forms hurry in the dim morning light. The mules have been led a last time to the waterhole and head now with the wagons across the roadless plain. The sun is not yet up. The horses stand saddled. The riders dip their canteens, moisten lips and are away. Each with his peculiar instrument spurs out on the plain, each carries a compass and to-night we meet by a water-hole twenty miles away. We separate widely as we ride and presently I am alone. Around me the plain rolls to the brown horizon. The sky line is sharply defined, the dome overhead as blue as a beryl.

Miles away the white sheet of the wagon gleams like a ship at sea, or is lost in clouds of dust that rise from the sandy ways. Through autumn and winter no rain has fallen, and the earth is yet hard from last summer's sun. My horse is a bronco bred to the plains and the unshod feet beat the dry stubble lightly as a deer's. The sky is cloudless. A breeze is from the far away Rockies. Here and there the earth rises like the swell of the deep sea in calm. From these eminences I catch the gleam of the morning sun upon ice sparks a hundred miles away. It is the snowy crest of the great continental divide looming into the western sky. My bronco is kittenish. He vaults over the prickly cactus and shies at the rattlesnake coiled in the sand. He frisks among the holes of the dogtown and is ready to follow when an antelope springs suddenly away. I slip my rifle from saddle and fire at the deer as I ride. Once, twice, five times perhaps while he has stretched a mile between us. The lead throws the dust about him and he doubles like a hare from hound. I can do no execution. It is a wanton waste of lead. The shot but ricochets across the plain in little clouds of dust. In a moment he is gone and presently I see him pause, a mere line upon the far off horizon.

The sun climbs into the zenith. My comrades were long since left behind and I am alone in the desert. The noon is hot and the wind is still. As far as the eye can reach the brown earth stretches, dead as some planet in space. There is no sound, not a living thing. I pause, oppressed with the vastness and the solitude. It is the earth that Dante may have dreamed of and only Dore could have painted. The silence is suffocating, and the whinnying of my horse falls a pleasant sound. I take my bearings once more and head for the waterhole. Many times through the forenoon I have paused for work, and again and again dis-

mount with my peculiar instruments.

The sun is descending and the air grows cool. Horse and rider brace now for the homeward stretch and both are alert for the tents that tell of rest and comrades. Presently I catch the gleam of canvas upon the horizon and know that water is found. But the weary horse plods slowly now. The sun sets. The shadows of unseen mountains fall darkly across the sky and through unseen gaps the light streams in brilliant lines to the zenith. The west pales into gloaming. The one vast shadow of night settles upon the plain. The quavering call of the wolf is heard and the crooning of owls afar off on the desert. But the miles seem long in the darkness and I pause for some token of friends. Silence intense is about me now and the earth is as black as the grave. But while I wait a light springs on the horizon, and like the sound upon water comes the distant chiming of voices; I catch the strains of "Suwanee River." At once I am galloping tentward while the voices swell into "Merrily Now" and then break perhaps into the rollicking "Gambolier." The tents grow like black silhouettes upon the streak of twilight in the west. The wagons and the long eared beasts appear. Jack mule discovers our approach and joins the singing with his mighty diapason. Bronco whinnies, the dogs rush out and bark, and I send a hallo on to the boys that is caught up and returned with a gusto. The next moment I am at home.

But not always are we fortunate in reaching camp. Sometimes the place cannot be found, distances are wrongly estimated and many accidents may befall. At such times I have drawn ulster and tramped supperless through the long hours of winter nights, beating my limbs to keep from freezing. To and fro, tramping in darkness as silent and unfathomable as the depths overhead. And from those shadows come dreams that I find no words to name. It is a strange emotion, when the shadow of the desert rests like a pall upon the earth and it seems that but one human soul in all the immensity of space remains by the silent bier. And so through the night we have tramped and dreamed watching the east for the dawn. Presently a tint along the horizon, a glow in the sky, a gleam upon distant ice peaks, and day has come.

Nor is always water found when the day's journey is done. For sometimes the pocket has been drunk dry, or the spring has failed. Then suffering is intense. Beasts that may have toiled all day through sand must make another day's journey dry. At such times their tongues parch and blood runs from their cracked mouths. But they draw patiently and never a sound indicates the agony suffered. But to-night we camp near a waterhole. In a depression of the plain a spring seeps through the sand, and, caught by the stones, is held in a pool of foul and muddy water. The half-wild cattle come here to drink, the antelope and prairie wolves, and now and then the wild mustang. Here the Buffalo swarmed once by thousands and the ground is strewn with their heavy skulls, marked by the short and ragged horns.

The buffalo delighted to wallow. Plastered with mud he defied the stinging gnat which swarmed at seasons, burrowing ravenously into his soft thighs till the great brute was tortured into frenzy. To escape this enemy he wallowed in the dust where the plain was dry and when the rains came rolled in the mud like swine. He would load his shaggy wool with the clinging soil, then stand in the sun till the shield was hardened. The bearing away of mud in these millions of hides has resulted often in great basins upon the plain. In his annual migration the buffalo passed northward from the pan-handle of Texas. His entire route is marked by "wallows." They occur always on the high level plain as though it was only there that the great brute dared relax his vigilance. The number of buffaloes which existed on these plains seems

incredible when one considers the short interval in which they have been exterminated. Old frontiersmen will tell of herds that were days in passing a given spot extending as far across the plain as eye could reach. We all know how express trains were delayed by them, and steamboats on the northern rivers waited while they swam the streams. Whole wagon trains have been annihilated by these stampeding hosts, men and horses wiped from existence like grass before a prairie fire. But they are gone. The Indian riding his pony would stay with them for days, sending arrow after arrow through their hearts, while the squaws followed cutting away the tenderloins and leaving the carcasses to fatten wolves. The hide hunters kept on their trail with wagons, and the sportsman slaughtered ruthlessly. And so within the memory of boys these millions have been exterminated. The awful spectacle of that host, frenzied by thirst or tormented into stampede, more resistless than a cyclone, more terrible than the sea in storm, the world will never know again.

The antelopes come shyly towards the water where we camp. They stand afar off, gaze at the tents and circle anxiously. The wolves slink up at night and quarrel with our dogs. In long lines the cattle file across the plains. They come miles, slowly, by deeply worn trails, with heads lowered, uttering hoarse sounds. But scenting the water afar quicken their pace, break into canter, then pell mell into the midst of the pool. Half famished they gorge almost to bursting, sometimes they fall in their tracks and expire, often they sink in the treacherous sand. But at times they come in great numbers that crowd and fight for the scanty drink till scores are gored and trampled and the place is filled with the dead. To-night the bones and mummied skins strew the ground about the little basin and we have dug a hole near by into which the water seeps less foul and muddy. But wigglers are seen swarming when held to the light and the taste of animal matter is nauseous. We strain and boil and make into coffee, and so one's thirst is slaked. But the mules are not fastidious. They drink and utter sounds of content, drink and grunt again. And the dogs plunge in and lap the water as they swim.

The nights are cold. We build a fire of refuse, draw ulster about shoulders, light cigars and crowd near. "Time was," says the packer, "when we could not have sat about a fire on these plains. Ten years ago old Colorado's bucks ran here. Then if two cow punchers met one Indian he was 'good Injin,' but if two Indians met one puncher they were 'heap bad.' And for an hour around the fire tales of frontier life are passed. Yes, the time was when our fire would have drawn the Utes like bugs to a candle. But we are tired from our days ride and one by one draw off. Some sleep under the sky but I prefer the tent and that feeling of home which it gives. By whatever water-hole we camp in ten minutes the white canvas is raised. There in its place my cot, there the table, here a chair and chest. In a moment the lamp is ready for light, the sketch book and writing material lie to hand, familiar photos are around and I am at home.

But about these water-holes the night is often hideous with the howling of wolves. Since the extinction of buffaloes they no longer roam in great droves upon the plain. They are rarely seen by day but at dark come slinking from holes, and when attracted by the odor of food gather about and howl dolefully. A dog that has never known a wolf will recognize in their sound an enemy. Our dogs mount guard upon the outskirts of camp, bark and growl menacingly. These grey wolves are not dangerous, but are great gaunt brutes that look "ugly," and one prefers to give them rather a wide berth. If the hunter approaches they move off leisurely, if he retires they sometimes follow. And so with the mountain lion found occasionally in the bluffs

along the dry waterways of the plain. He is royal game, and a fierce enemy when aroused, but like others of the cat kind had rather run than fight. But his roar, like the lion of the east, will make one's nerves tingle when heard at night, even knowing him to be a coward. And one sleeps better when this sound is afar off.

JOHN W. HAYS.

Electric Sparks.

By the United Press

The Virginia State Pharmaceutical Association met in Roanoke yesterday.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—Secretary Proctor has written Governor Page of Vermont accepting the appointment of United States Senator to succeed Edmunds.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Sept. 8.—The lighthouse board has ordered a new boiler costing \$7,000 to be put in the light house tender, "Wistaria" at Charleston South Carolina.

COPENHAGEN, Sept. 8.—Denmark has removed the prohibition on American pork which was put in force in March, 1868 and hereafter American pork will be admitted.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 8.—At the close of business to-day the Treasury Department has extended \$24,050,350 four-and-one-half per cent. bonds and redeemed \$9,894,741.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 8.—The committee having the matter in charge has issued a call for the next meeting of the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress to meet in Omaha, Neb., October 19th for a five day's session.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 8.—The 45th annual council of the Improved Order of Red Men began in this city to-day. Great chiefs and other representatives to the number of 125 are present. Mayor Rose welcomed the Red Men to Cleveland in a formal address, and presented to them the freedom of the city.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 8.—The Treasury department has modified all former regulations issued concerning the drawback to be allowed on exported jute bagging and has directed that collectors of customs allow a drawback of two cents per bale on cotton of last year's crop covered with jute bagging.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—The Treasury Department has removed all restrictions heretofore placed on the deposit of funds at the sub-treasury in New York to cover shipments of currency to the South and West. This has been done in order to facilitate, as far as the Government can do so, the moving of the immense crops of the sections named.

Reduced Rates.

The Richmond and Danville Railroad will sell tickets to the Eastern Carolina Fair and Stock Association, at Goldsboro, N. C. and return at the following rates from points named. Tickets on sale September 13th to 17th inclusive, limited returning September 19th, 1891: From Asheville, \$6.40; Charlotte, \$5.10; Durham, \$2.00; Greensboro, \$3.10; Raleigh, \$1.50; Henderson, \$2.45; Winston-Salem, \$3.70; Selma, \$1.15. Rates from intermediate points in same proportion.

W. A. TURK,
A. G. P. A.

"One hundred and sixty-seven, and still they come," is the way Dr. Dixon, president of Greensboro Female College, answered the question as to the number of young ladies entered up to noon to-day. This is a good beginning, and almost every train adds one or more to the number, says the Greensboro Record.

DESIRABLE DWELLING FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my dwelling house on West Peace street. The house contains ten rooms with open fireplaces and convenient closets. There are six acres of land attached which can be rented or not, as desired. There is a well of excellent water and all necessary outbuildings, a well stocked orchard, etc. Apply at my office over City Bank.

JOHN W. HINSDALE.

Jackson Springs WATER —AND— New Hotel.

An All-the-year-round

Health Resort.

WATER

For Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cystitis, Kidney Troubles, Cholera Infantum and Debility.

Balmy Breezes of the Long-leaf Pine and Deep-sand Section for Pulmonary and Asthmatic Troubles.

MCPHERSON & THOMPSON,
—PROPRIETORS—

West End, Moore County, N. C.

Running far back beyond the memory of the earliest settlers of Moore County, North Carolina, there has bubbled forth from a solid rock-bed some sparkling springs, the flow of which forms a little rivulet of clear, cold, effervescing water, carrying in its liquid depths many of Nature's remedial and curative qualities.

These have long been known to the neighborhood as

Jackson Springs.

For many years, that the waters of Jackson Springs possessed mineral properties which were powerful remedial and curative agents for indigestion, dyspepsia, cystitis, dropsy, diarrhoeal, and in fact, all debilitating affections, was known only to the few who had located and made their homes in the immediate neighborhood. But so remarkable had been the effects upon those who, after finding their medicinal qualities had subjected themselves to their influences, that their reputation could not be confined to so small a limit, and rapidly throughout Moore and into adjoining counties, went the glad tidings to the afflicted ones.

Visitors from the surrounding country became frequent and numerous, and their stay of longer duration, to the extent that many small cabins were erected, and often whole families would drop in and remain for a week or more; cooking in the open air, sleeping in tents or wagons, and caring for themselves in the old-fashioned camp-meeting style.

More recently the reputation of Jackson Springs Water became so much talked of, that very shortly a party of gentlemen sought for and obtained an option upon the Springs and some 700 acres of long-leaf pine and deep sandy land surrounding it. Samples of the water were taken to our State Agricultural Experiment Station for analysis, the result of which is as follows:

ANALYSIS No. 6,147.

No. CA. AGRICULTURAL DEP'T,
EXPERIMENT STATION.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 3, 1890.

SIR:—The sample of mineral water sent to the Station for analysis, in a demijohn, marked P. M. Wilson, contains an evaporation, per U. S. gallon—

SOLIDS.

Sulphate of Potash.....	.577 grs.
Sulphate of Soda.....	.263 "
Chloride of Soda.....	.825 "
Carbonate of Soda.....	.578 "
Carbonate of Lime.....	1.721 "
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	.833 "
Oxide of Iron and Aluminium.....	.181 "
Sodium Phosphate.....	Trace
Silica.....	2.567 grs.
Total.....	7.546 "

Your obedient servant,

H. B. BATTLE, [SEAL.]
Director.

To P. M. WILSON,
Raleigh, N. C.

Upon receipt of this analysis the option was

chasers have erected Jackson Springs a new and comfortable hotel, fitted it out anew, and now open to the public as

Jackson Springs Hotel

This new health resort is four miles from West End, Aberdeen and West End Railroad about fifteen miles south of Southern Pines. The Aberdeen and West End Railroad is from the Raleigh and Annapolis Line Road, and is the enterprise of Mr. A. F. Page, money paid for its entire construction and equipment.

Jackson Springs Hotel is in the very heart of what is as the

Long-Leaf Pine and Deep-sand Section

The healing influences of the long-leaf pine and living in and breathing pure atmosphere of this deep drainage is not to be disputed.

We desire to extend to all are sufferers from these troubles all the benefits which it has so bounteously bestowed upon us. To this end we have the Jackson Springs Hotel, and invite the public to its hospitable reasonable rates.

For further particulars address

MCPHERSON & THOMPSON

West End, Moore Co., N. C.

Read carefully the following testimonials from those who have benefited and cured by the Jackson Springs Water.

Rev. W. S. Lacy, D. D., Thoma

Effects Marvelous.

MESSRS. MCPHERSON & THOMPSON

Dear Sirs:—I am very happy to

to give you my testimony to the

benefit of the Jackson Springs Water

a natural remedial agent for

cystitis, in all forms of dyspepsia,

when the digestive organs

been weakened by long-leaf pine,

ease, or have been overtaxed

ordered.

In my own case having suffered

a severe attack of cystitis in

and March, 1884, after recovery

a 6-weeks' confinement and

illness, early in April I was

very poor and hard to please,

much weakened by protracted

ing. I attended a meeting of the

ry at Jackson Springs, remain-

days. I drank the water freely

effects were marvelous. My

rapidly returned, my appetite

stored, and my improved

for so short a time, very much

the effect continued long after

turn home.

Mrs. Lacy was a sufferer from

pepsia in aggravated form for

so that she was much enfeebled

confined for five months in

She first used the water bottled

as she could bear the journey

taken to the Springs, was

weeks. The water has proven an

official in her case that it is a

wonder and thankfulness to

friends. She visited the Springs

second summer with like mar-

provement, and it is to her

Bethesda, a pool of healing, a

of health. Whenever I feel

down, or whenever I feel de-

or suffering occasioned by indigestion

a week or a month at Jackson Springs

is the potent remedy that answers

demands. Very truly yours,

Wm. S. Lacy

The Manse, 68 Boush St.,

Norfolk, Va., May 1, 1891.

Truly Wonderful what Jackson Springs Water Will Do.

[From W. T. Jones, President of

son & Jones Buggy Co.]

CARTHAGE, N. C., May 1, 1891.

MESSRS. MCPHERSON & THOMPSON

West End, Moore Co., N. C.

Gentlemen:—It is truly wonderful what the Jackson Springs Water do. I know of several persons who were so weak as scarcely to be able to walk, who in a short time were cured to robust health. Every year people flock there. After the house was filled they camp in tents, and sleep in wagons and cook and eat on each air. But now that you have a good hotel there the accommodation will be a blessing to the people. We eighteen miles from the Springs send for the water often. Have received about ten gallons.

Yours truly,
W. T. JONES

Packed for Shipping.

This valuable water is packed for shipping purposes, in flint bottles six to the gallon, and two or three dozen bottles to the case. The strong mineral qualities make water so effervescent it cannot be packed in large bottles or cases.

For prices and further particulars address,

MCPHERSON & THOMPSON

West End, Moore Co., N. C.